With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearfull
And dizy tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The Crowes and Choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head:
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like Mice; and yon tall Anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on the vnnumbred idle peebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is ſo hie Ile looke no more
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glo. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Giue me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Glo. Let go my hand:
Heere friend's another purſe, in it a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee: go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire, tis done to cure it.
He kneels
Glo. O you mighty Gods,
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe wils,
My ſnuffe and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out: if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now

Now fellow fare thee well.
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and y
rob the treaſury of life, when li
he bene where he thought, by t
or dead? Ho you ſir, heare you
indeed, yet he reuiues, what ar
Glo. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Hadſt thou bene ought
So many fadome downe preci
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an Eg
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt
Ten Maſts at each make not th
Which thou haſt perpendicula
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet
Glo. But haue I fallen or no
Edg. From the dread ſumm
Looke vp a hight; the ſhrill g
Cannot be ſeene or heard, do
Glo. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd tha
To end it ſelfe by death? Twa
cc When miſery could beguile th
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme:
Vp, ſo, how feele you your le
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtran
Vpon the crowne of the cliff
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poore vnfortunate b
Edg. As I ſtood heere belov
Were two full Moones; a hac
Hornes, welkt and waued lik
It was ſome fiend, therefore t
Thinke that the cleereſt God
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue
Glo. I do remember now, h

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